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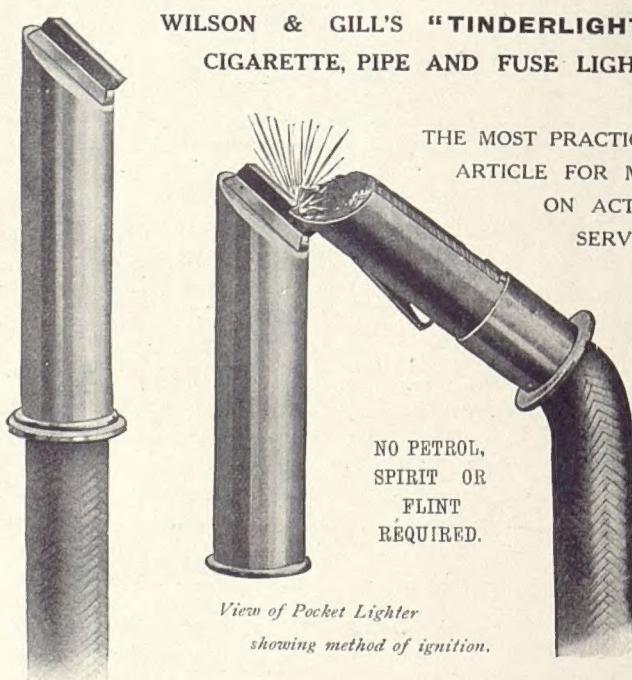
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The Sketch

No. 1137.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1914.

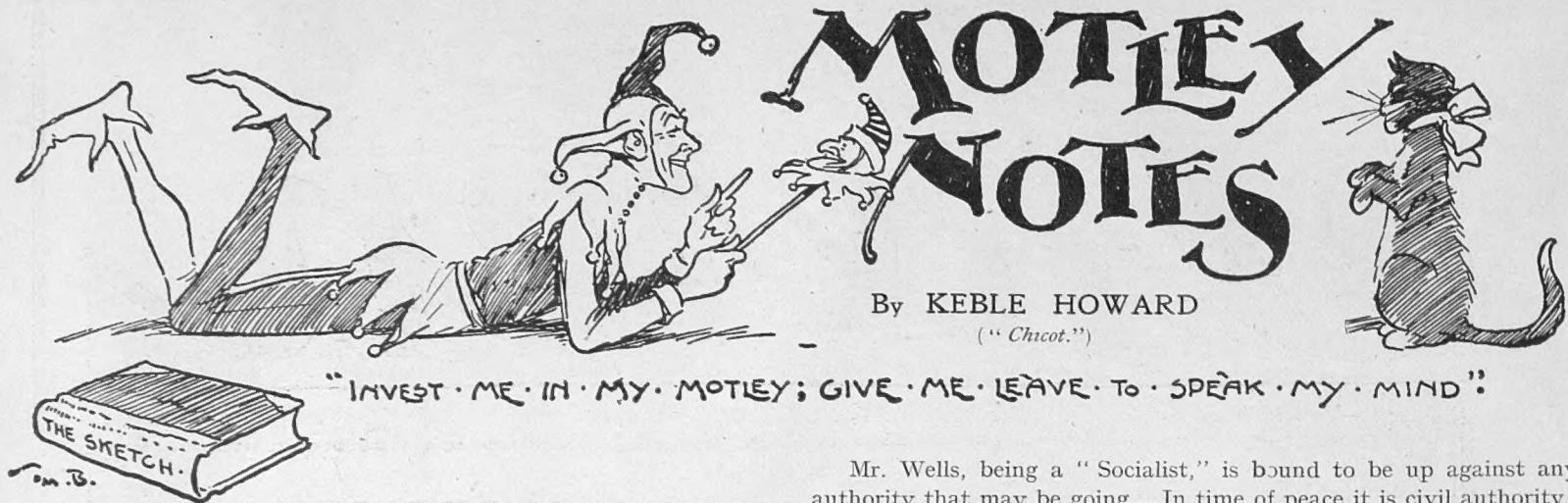
SIXPENCE.



SHARER OF A TITLE OF ROYAL AND ROMANTIC ORIGIN: THE NEW DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

The new Duchess of Buccleuch was married to the seventh Duke (then Earl of Dalkeith) in 1893, and there are three sons and five daughters of the wedding. Her Grace is the second daughter of the fourth Earl of Bradford, and was known before her marriage as Lady Margaret Bridgeman. One of her sisters is the Countess of Sefton, and another is Lady Beatrice Pretyman, wife of Captain E. G.

Pretyman, M.P. for the Chelmsford Division of Essex. The Buccleuch dukedom is of curious historic interest through the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1685, who was the first Duke, having been granted that title by Charles II., his father, subsequent to Monmouth's marriage to the then Countess of Buccleuch.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



The Youth and the Veteran. They joined the train at —, and one could tell that they were mere platform acquaintances. The youth was in uniform; the veteran was dressed in rough coat and trousers of good material, and a cap. The youth was two-and-twenty; the veteran was forty. The youth had mild, not to say shy, manners; the veteran was a tough Scotsman in a highly excited condition. He held up the compartment from the moment that he entered it. The youth was back from the front with a slight bullet-wound in his left arm. The veteran, after coming unscathed through the South African War, had been suddenly seized with the irresistible desire to rejoin the colours, and was making his way, by order, to Wellington Barracks. The youth had very little to say; the veteran never stopped talking, and even rose to his feet and delivered two verses of a sentimental ballad in the true Harry Lauder manner.

They were both first-rate fellows.

Said the youth to me through the din the other man was making: "I was lucky. We were caught in a wood. The man next me had his head blown off. I only got a bullet in the left arm. I've been on sick furlough for six weeks; now I'm going to Chelsea Barracks.

"We charged with the bayonet, and they ran, but there were others behind us. . . . I reckon I'll see Christmas there all right."

The Scotsman Talks.

I wish the Kaiser could have heard that Scotsman. He would have quailed where he sat. A more bellicose fellow I have never met. Broad-shouldered, pink-skinned, hard as nails, he was just bursting to be at the Germans. It required no effort of imagination to see him in a charge. His language was atrocious, and I felt rather sorry for a very timid old gentleman who sat opposite to me and tried to pretend that he was amused. To reproduce the dialogue of my Scotsman without his oaths is like playing a scene with all your lights down, but a glimmering may remain.

"Christmas!" he ejaculated. "Who cares a button for that? I just want to be at them pretty Germans! Let's get at 'em! Let's all dee!"

"What like are they dressed?" he asked of the youth back from the front.

The youth replied that they wore long grey overcoats, and I saw the Scotsman making a careful mental note of that. He clenched his teeth and smote himself a mighty blow on the chest. "My goodness," he swore, "but I'll do for some of the blighters before they do for me!"

The youth happened to remark that digging trenches was hard work.

"Hard worrk!" shouted the Scotsman. "Ye'll not frichten me with diggin' trenches! Look at that hand, lad!" He displayed a hand indescribably horny and "protected." "They're from honest worrk, that lot! Feel 'em, lad! D'ye ken how I came be them? Diggin' graves in Glasgie! That's the worrk I've been on since I came back frae South Africa, and if ony o' you gentlemen"—here he fixed the timid old gentleman with a peculiarly hard stare—"want nine foot be three, I'm the boy to give it ye!"

What Mr. Wells Will Do. Mr. H. G. Wells has written a letter to the *Times* which I deplore. I deplore it for two reasons—

- (1) It preaches insubordination.
- (2) It is silly.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot.”)

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

Mr. Wells, being a "Socialist," is bound to be up against any authority that may be going. In time of peace it is civil authority; in times of war, I regret to note, he extends the anti-everything principle to military authority. The military experts have quite properly told the civilian population that, in the event of a raid by German soldiers, they, the civilians, must not fire. This has naturally annoyed Mr. Wells.

"Let the expert have no illusions," he writes, "as to what we ordinary people are going to do if we find German soldiers in England one morning. We are going to fight. If we cannot fight with rifles, we shall fight with shot-guns, and if we cannot fight according to the Rules of War apparently made by Germans for the restraint of British military experts, we will fight according to our inner light."

No Short Cut to Heroism.

I repeat that, apart from the—give me a gentle word—misguidedness of preaching insubordination in time of war, when even the most undisciplined people should take a pride in submitting to discipline, it is silly for a man with a loud voice to lead his brethren to suppose that they can fight the Germans without being trained to fight. They can do nothing of the sort. Mr. Wells and his friends with their shot-guns would be worse than useless. They would get in the way of effective troops, and they would help to demoralise the effective troops by affording such an easy task for the invaders.

Mr. Wells must understand, and he must make his admirers understand, that there is no short cut to heroism. You cannot wait until the enemy lands, and then walk out of your door and be a hero. The heroism comes long before the enemy appears. The heroism lies in the monotonous, arduous, sometimes humiliating process of training. The man who does not submit himself to this process, who is not willing to sink his individuality and become part of a very delicate but very scientific and powerful machine, has neither part nor lot in this matter. He cannot be used, any more than the fly-wheel of a motor-car can be used until it is balanced by the patient craftsman.

I know exactly what Mr. Wells means and how he feels. But he is all in the wrong of it.

The Unenlisted Civilian.

Mr. Wells asserts that the trained mind "insists upon treating all unenlisted civilians as panic-stricken imbeciles." This is so utterly wrong that I marvel he could have put his pen to such a grotesque sentence. If Mr. Wells will walk about London with his eyes open, or will descend to visit the countryside with his eyes open, he will see thousands of unenlisted civilians laboriously submitting themselves to the process of training with a view to the very contingency that Mr. Wells proposes to meet in his night-shirt and armed with a shot-gun. These civilians are all in touch with the War Office, and are encouraged by the War Office so long as they do not prevent eligible men from joining Lord Kitchener's Army.

When a London house catches fire, the first thing to do is to hold the crowd back so that the firemen may have fair play. If all the firemen perish in the flames, then volunteers will be called for out of the crowd. But which of the volunteers will be accepted? Those who have remained mere spectators whilst the firemen, one by one, fell into the flames? Or those who, foreseeing this possible contingency, picked up all the expert knowledge they could in the interval of waiting?

That, I venture to think, is the answer to Mr. Wells.

IN THE HALL OF THE NATIONS.



"THE BIRD."

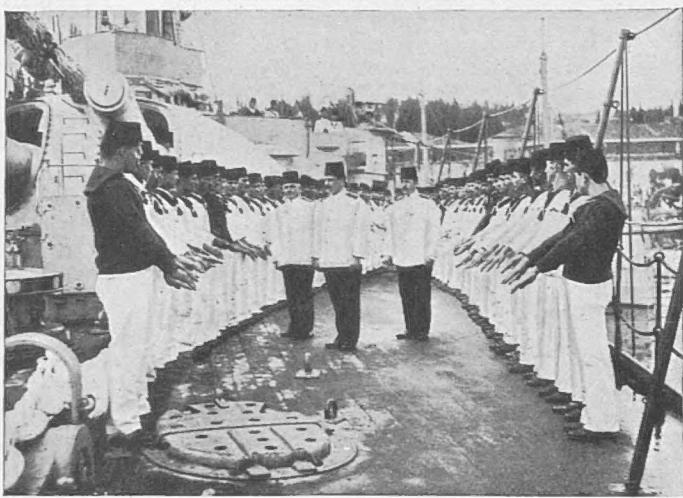
For the sake of those readers who do not know the theatrical expression "getting the bird," it may be said that this is used as an equivalent to saying that a performer has been very badly and impolitely received by his audience.

DRAWN BY EDWIN MORROW.

SNIPING BY CAMERA: SNAPSHOTTS IN WAR-TIME.



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER? THE 2ND BATTALION LONDON SCOTTISH PRACTISING THE CHARGE, TO EMULATE THE DEEDS OF THEIR COMRADES AT THE FRONT.



LET US HOPE THEY WILL KEEP THEM CLEAN: A "CLEAN HAND" INSPECTION ABOARD A TURKISH CRUISER.



HADJI MOHAMMED WILHELM'S HEIR: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND HIS STAFF AT THE FRONT.



NOW IN A FIGHT OF UNLIMITED "ROUNDS": CARPENTIER (ON THE LEFT) AND HIS CANINE PRISONER, "KRONPRINZ."

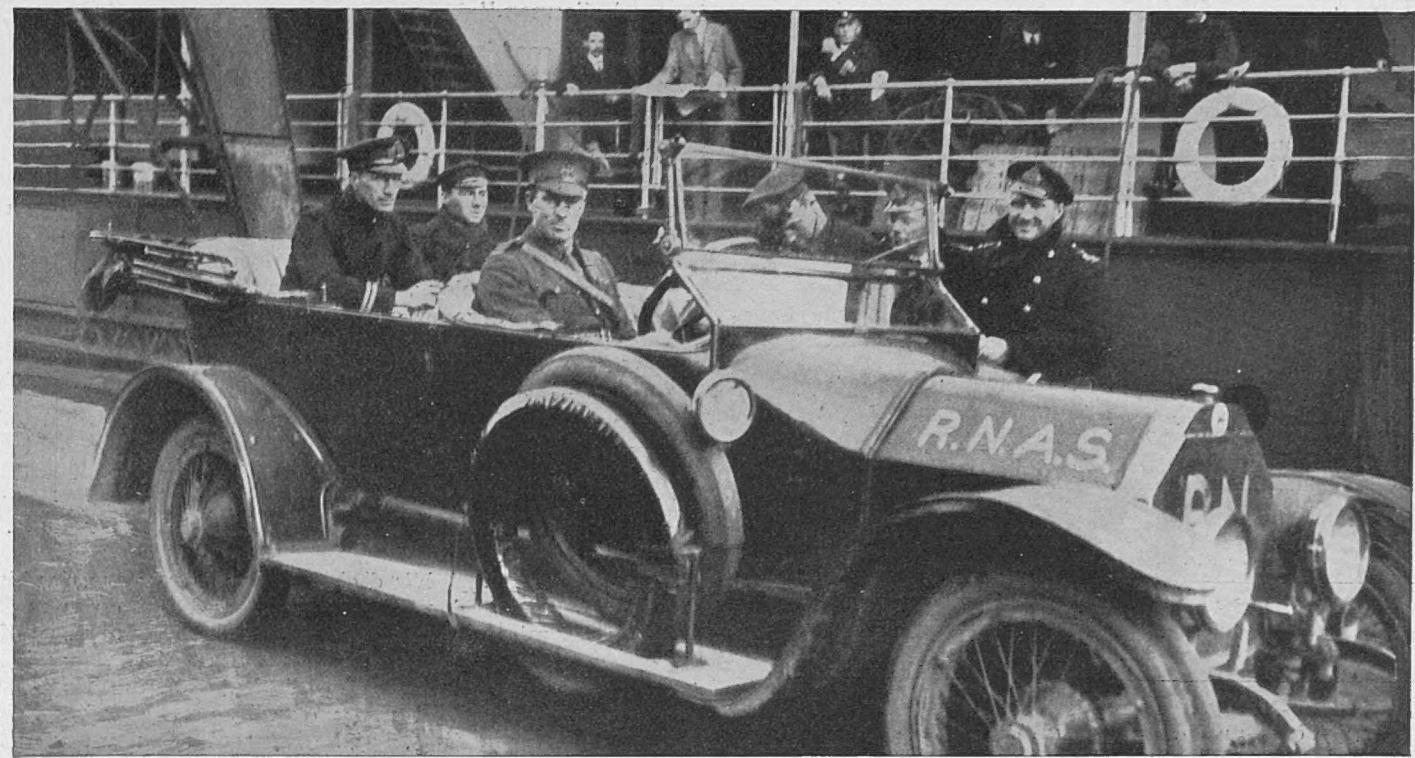


FACING AN UNFAMILIAR "OPPOSITION": MR. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, M.P., R.N.R., IN AN ARMOURED CAR.

The 1st Battalion of the London Scottish, the first Territorial regiment to see fighting in the war, made a splendid show in their charge against the Bavarians at Messines. Sir John French sent a message of congratulation to their commanding officer, Colonel Malcolm, whose portrait, along with the message, is given on our "Great World" page. The battalion had a number of casualties; the gaps are being filled from the 2nd Battalion, which is now training with the utmost keenness. Lord Kitchener has sanctioned the raising of a number of extra companies.—Since the Germanisation of Turkey there has been evident "a certain liveliness" in the Turkish fleet, which has bombarded a few unfortified towns on the Russian coast.—It is interesting to

compare Photograph 3 with that on another page purporting to represent the Crown Prince and two of his brothers. The beard there apparent is here hidden by the collar.—Georges Carpentier, the champion boxer, is now serving with the French Flying Corps. He is here seen with a dog, "Kronprinz," captured from the Germans. Early in August he joined the second "groupe d'aviation" at Saint Cyr.—Mr. Wedgwood, who is a well-known Member of Parliament, holds a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, and has seen much fighting round Antwerp and in Western Belgium. He is here seen in one of the armoured cars which have been so effective there.—[Photos by Topical, Chusseau-Flavien, L.N.A., Alfieri, and Newspaper Illustrations.]

WAR METAMORPHOSES: "COURT" CHAMPION, AND "CRIER."



NOW PREPARED FOR VOLLEYS OF A DIFFERENT KIND THAN FORMERLY: MR. A. F. WILDING, THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION, AT THE FRONT.

Mr. A. F. Wilding, the lawn-tennis champion, is one of many men famous in various branches of sport who have joined the colours and are doing good work in France and Belgium. He is seen here, at the wheel of the car, with some of his brother officers of the British aviation section. It was reported recently that he had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant for gallant conduct in action. Mr. Wilding is a New Zealander by birth.—[Photograph by *Topical*.]



OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! A NEW PROFESSION FOR

Chertsey claims to possess the only feminine town-crier in the kingdom, in the person of Mrs Blaker, whose husband, Sergeant Blaker, formerly held the office, but has now rejoined his regiment, the 6th East Surrey. Mrs. Blaker has assumed the staff and bell, and looks very well in the picturesque Georgian uniform (which, when made,

WOMEN: A TOWN-CRIER IN SKIRTS AT CHERTSEY

cost £35), with the three-cornered hat and buckled shoes. Having a strong voice, the new crier fulfils her duties admirably. The fee for crying goes to a charity, but the holder of the appointment gets a small salary. Mrs. Blaker's son is also in the Army, having enlisted in a regiment of Hussars.—[Photograph by *L.N.A.*]

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE EVERLASTING WAR: C.I.D. VERSUS CRIMINAL.*

"The Best
All-Round
Policeman."

There is an everlasting war. It is against the criminal. The C.I.D. is the Expeditionary Force sent against the enemy who slinks by day and night, armed with knife and jemmy, poison or confidence trick, blackmailing letter or Browning. Sir Melville Macnaghten has been a Commander-in-Chief of the army acting against the evil-doers. Many days of his years have been spent in the service of his country. He may be called, as he calls Sir Edward Henry, "the best all-round policeman of the twentieth century; a man to whom London owes more than it knows." For that reason, his reminiscences are of much value. They may reveal comparatively little—the writer, necessarily, keeps innumerable secrets—but they are none the less vastly entertaining to all students of criminology, whether amateurs or experts. Sir Melville's own leanings towards crime—in others—began when he was of tender years. The Chamber of Horrors at Tussaud's fascinated him—J. Blomfield Rush, the Mannings, Courvoisier, Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, and the others, to say nothing of "a half-length figure of bathing Marat, upon whose chest and throat red sealing-wax was profusely sprinkled." For all that, he joined the police by chance, after he had made a start in life, in India, and had come to know Mr. James Monro, then Inspector-General of Bengal Police, who offered him the post of Assistant Chief Constable at Scotland Yard.

"Ripper" Stories. His decision was a happy one, for himself and the country. "As I put down my pen," he writes, "I raise my cup of tea and drink to the memory of my dear 'children' of the C.I.D., knowing as I do that they will maintain the best traditions of the Yard." While in the Yard, needless to say, Sir Melville had many experiences. Jack the Ripper was before his official time, but he has something to say of him. He states that the Whitechapel murderer committed five murders, "and—to give the devil his due—no more"; and he is of the opinion that the Ripper, who was a sexual maniac, took his own life on or about Nov. 10, 1888. The name "Jack the Ripper," by the way, came into being in curious fashion. "On 27th September a letter was received at a well-known News Agency, addressed to the 'Boss.' It was written in red ink, and purported to give the details of the murders which he had committed. It was signed 'Jack the Ripper.' . . . In this ghastly production I have always thought I could discern the stained forefinger of the journalist—indeed, a year later, I had shrewd suspicions as to the actual author! But whoever did pen the gruesome stuff, it is certain, to my mind, that it was not the mad miscreant who had committed the murders. The name 'Jack the Ripper,' however, had got abroad in the land and had 'caught on.'" Sir Melville adds that, despite the widely published statement that on the scaffold Neil Cream exclaimed "I am Jack the—" just as the bolt was drawn, he does not credit the idea that the Doctor was Jack. "There is a perfect alibi. During the whole period covered by the Ripper's crimes Neil Cream was in prison on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Ordeal by
Touch."

Many other points follow. There is the story of Ordeal by Touch. This is concerned with the Hampstead murder—of Mrs. Hogg. "Her sister-in-law and a 'friend' were awaiting admission with a view to identification. As soon as these two women entered, the sister-in-law (regardless of grammar) said, 'Good God, it's her!' but she was at once dragged away by her friend, who, in very excited tones, cried out, 'Don't touch it—don't touch it!' That friend was a Mrs. Pearcy, who was arrested a few hours later, and subsequently tried and hanged for the murder of Mrs. Hogg." It was Mrs. Pearcy who played the piano while the police searched her house, and sang, when asked to explain the bloodstains found, "Killing mice, killing mice, killing mice."

Time; and the
Difficulties of
Proof.

The most anxious time Sir Melville had, however, was less connected with crime done than with crime possible. It was at the death of King Edward VII., which gave many trying hours to the chiefs of the Yard. "Never had so many crowned heads been gathered together in London before; never had such elaborate arrangements been necessary, and never had there been less time for perfecting their plans." But to hark back to actual violence. Sir Melville notes: "It was a very favourite saying of my predecessor at the Yard that, 'if you didn't catch a murderer in the first twenty-four hours, you didn't get him at all!' This statement is a bit too arbitrary, but, for all that, it contains a great deal of truth. At the commencement of a murder investigation, every minute is of golden importance." And there is always the law to consider: it is not always easy to secure a conviction, even when you know. "In England every man is innocent until he is legally proved to be guilty. As a well-known London detective once put it: 'When I am absolutely assured of the guilt of my man, then the difficulties of the case begin to crop up.'—Sir Melville Macnaghten's book is engrossing.

* "Days of My Years." By Sir Melville L. Macnaghten, C.B., late Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard. (Edward Arnold; 12s. 6d. net.)



CANADIANS IN THE CITY: DISAPPOINTED ART-LOVERS: A KUKRI STORY.

The Canadians in the Lord Mayor's Procession.

Procession on Nov. 9. The Canadians, as we all remember, landed at Plymouth, and were entrained at once for Salisbury Plain, where

I am particularly pleased that a detachment of the Canadians now on Salisbury Plain will have, before these lines are in print, marched through the City of London in the Lord Mayor's

they have been putting on a final polish in battle practice and manœuvres on a large scale before being sent over to France. Those of them who arrived in the great western port in the daytime were cheered very heartily by the people of Plymouth, but some of them arrived in the evening, and, being entrained at once, missed the welcome that had been intended for them. The cheers that I am quite sure will have greeted the three hundred Canadians who are coming to London will be taken by the whole force as the welcome not only of London, but of the whole of Great Britain, to their brethren from over the sea who have come to England to fight the battles of the Mother Country.

Sight-seeing Canadians. We have all made acquaintances in London, unofficially, of the Canadian troops through the number of men who have come to London on three days' pass to see the sights. With them it has been real sight-seeing, for many of them, if not most of them, are Cana-

SENT TO THE MOTHER OF THE GALLANT SOLDIER WHO WON IT: A FRENCH GOLD MEDAL FOR "VALOUR AND DISTINCTION." The medal has been sent to the mother of Sergeant H. Hunt, of the 1st East Surrey Regiment, who, with his brother, Sergeant R. Hunt, was killed in the Battle of the Aisne. Both were mentioned in despatches by Sir John French, and were recommended for the decoration, but it is only awarded to one man in each battalion.

Photograph by L.N.A.

dian-born men who have not before been in the Old Country. I met the other day a little group of the Canadians who, standing at the base of the statue to Boadicea, just by Westminster Bridge, were picking out the interesting buildings in their vicinity with the aid of a map. As they were evidently puzzled by the new County Council palace, which has risen to the height of its first floor, and took it to be an extension of the hospital, I joined in their conversation, and told them something concerning the buildings on both sides of the river. They knew a good deal more about the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey than I did, but I was able to help them with information in regard to some of the other buildings. They were just beginning their sight-seeing tour, and the amount of ground that they intended to cover in London before going back to the camp on Salisbury Plain was wonderful. They intended to see many things that I, a Londoner born and bred, have never seen, and were going as far afield as Windsor on their last day.

Some Disappointments.

Another little group of Canadian soldiers with whom I have talked during the week was of three men whom I met outside the closed gates of the Wallace Gallery. Why the gates were closed I do not know: possibly because there are some alterations being made to the house—certainly not on account of any fear of Suffragette activities. The men, all

of them genuine art-lovers, asked me whether I could tell them the galleries they would find open in London, as they did not wish to waste any time, and were anxious to see as many as possible of the art-treasures of the nation. I suggested to them a visit to the Victoria and Albert Gallery, for there they were certain of a happy day's sight-seeing, and the guardians there would be able to tell them if any of the other galleries were shut. Another disappointed Canadian was one whom I met who had been down to Richmond to see the famous view from the "Star and Garter"—a view concerning which his father, who had lived in England, had told him much. He was most courteously given access to the world-renowned terrace, but the view concerning which he had heard so much was entirely shrouded in mist.

The Indians in Egypt.

The Indian troops, though we in London have not been able to welcome them—for they did not pass through England going to the front—received a rousing welcome when they paraded through Cairo. The Egyptians were greatly struck by the Sikhs, whose average of height impressed them immensely. The Gurkhas, in their slouch hats, puzzled the Egyptians—they were so unlike the pictures they had seen of tall, turbaned Indians. At last some brilliantly ingenious native who had heard that Japan was fighting on the side of the Allies suggested that the Gurkhas were really Japanese soldiers pretending to be Indians, and the bazaars of Cairo accepted the suggestion at once as being true.

The Gurkha and His Kukri.

A story is told of a very small Gurkha sentry left at one of the railway stations in Egypt on guard over a great pile of his regiment's

baggage. The villagers, thinking that so small a man could be

ignored, began to pull the baggage about. The Gurkha addressed to them a few words of caution in Gurkali; but when these had no effect he drew his kukri and, with expressive pantomime, showed them what he would do to them if they did not leave the baggage alone. The villagers retired at once, wondering that so small a man should show himself so fierce.

Indian Native Rank.

As, unfortunately, the names of Indian native officers are now appearing in the Casualty Lists, it may be timely to note what the various ranks are. In a native infantry regiment, a Subadar is a Captain, and a Jemadar is a lieutenant; a Havildar is a sergeant, and a Naik is a corporal. A Sepoy is a private of infantry, and a Sowar is a trooper of cavalry. A cavalry sergeant is a Duffadar.



A STRANGE "ROOT" FROM THE GROUND! A GERMAN NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER EXAMINING A FRENCH SHELL FOUND IN A VACATED TRENCH.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

GIVEN A RECRUIT BY THE KING: THE MASCOT BRIGADE.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN BELGIUM: THE PET GOAT OF THE — REGIMENT.



AN "ALLY": TEDDY, A CANADIAN BATTALION'S BRINDLE BULL-TERRIER.



ON PARADE IN FULL RIG: THE WELSH REGIMENT'S GOAT IN UNIFORM.



A CANINE BELGIAN REFUGEE: A TERRIER RESCUED FROM A BURNING VILLAGE NEAR ANTWERP.



A HUMAN MASCOT: THE SMALLEST SAILOR ON THE "BRILLIANT," RECENTLY IN ACTION OFF BELGIUM.



TO HUG THE HUNS? BRUIN, OF THE CANADIAN STAFF.



"AREN'T I A LUCKY DOG?" A DESPATCH RIDER'S TERRIER.



"YOU BET I'LL BUTT IN!" BILLY, A CANADIAN BATTALION'S PET.

The King recently presented a white goat to the 7th Battalion (Reserve) Royal Welsh Fusiliers, which is now in training at Newtown, Montgomeryshire. The Welsh Fusiliers have always had a white goat as mascot. The one whose portrait appears above is an old campaigner, and always goes with the regiment on active service. A report that he had been killed in action was unconfirmed. It was arranged that the royal recruit to the Welsh Fusiliers should be taken under escort from Windsor to

Newtown on Monday.—The little sailor among the group on H.M.S. "Brilliant" is regarded as the ship's mascot. He is said to be the life and soul of the crew. The photograph shows damage done to the ventilator by the German fire, for the "Brilliant" was among the vessels sent to bombard the Germans on the Belgian coast. The Admiralty announcement of October 29 stated that her casualties then were one killed and several wounded.—[Photographs by Sport and General, C.N., Topical, and Alfieri.]

SONS OF HADJI MOHAMMED WILHELM?—AND ONE BEARDED!



*Will They Receive Thrones, like the Relatives of Napoleon?
Possible Candidates for Conquered Kingdoms, if Germany
Wins—Including a Bearded "German Crown Prince."*

The correspondent who sends us this photograph states that he is assured that it represents the German Crown Prince (on the right) and two of his brothers in the field during the present war. We express no opinion as to whether this is so, but leave it as an interesting exercise for those who have the honour to be acquainted with the Hohenzollern family to pick out the identity of the three Princes. The Crown Prince has been reported on various occasions to be dead and buried, but the

statement that he recently sent a telegram to Enver Pasha, conveying his "fraternal greeting" to the Ottoman Army, does not suggest that he is quite dead just yet. If the photograph be what it is said to be, apparently he has grown a slight beard. The middle figure wears the Iron Cross. This decoration has been conferred on two of the Kaiser's sons—Prince Joachim and Prince Oscar. The Kaiser has a new name in Turkey. The Moslems shout, "Long live Hadji Mohammed Wilhelm!"

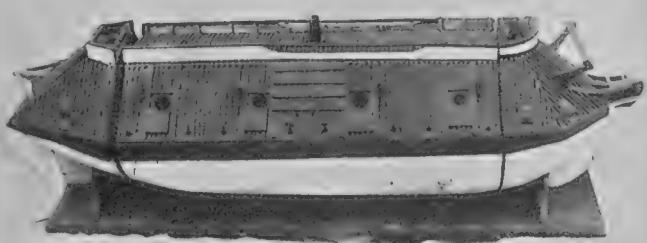
GERMAN HOTEL - PREPARATIONS !



AN AMERICAN VISITOR (*after uneasy first night in an English hotel*) : I guess I've struck one of them German concrete beds.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.

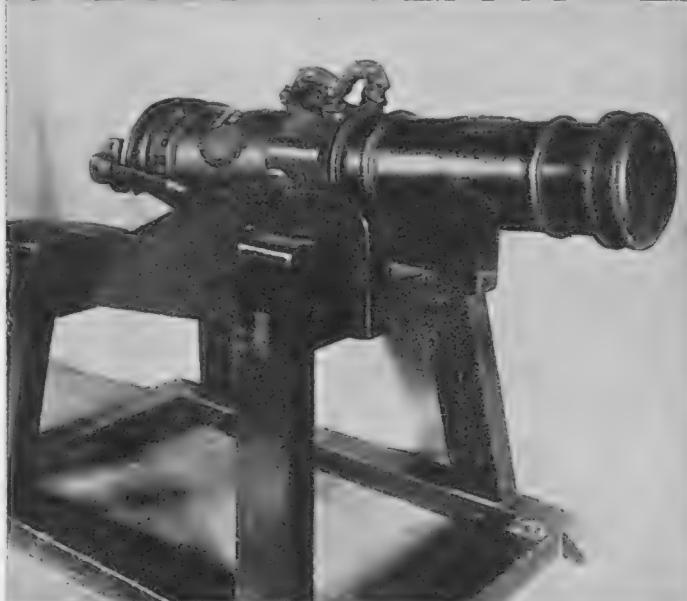
NOTHING NEW! ENGINES OF WAR REPEAT THEMSELVES.



WHEN ANOTHER EMPEROR WAS REALLY AT CALAIS: A VESSEL DESIGNED TO DO WHAT THE MONITORS HAVE DONE.



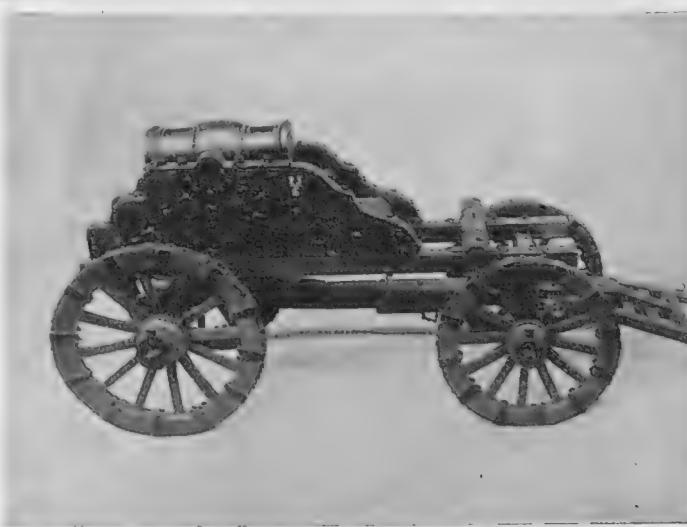
USED BY US WHERE OUR TROOPS ARE FIGHTING: A FIELD FORGE AND WORKSHOP OF MARLBOROUGH'S ARMY.



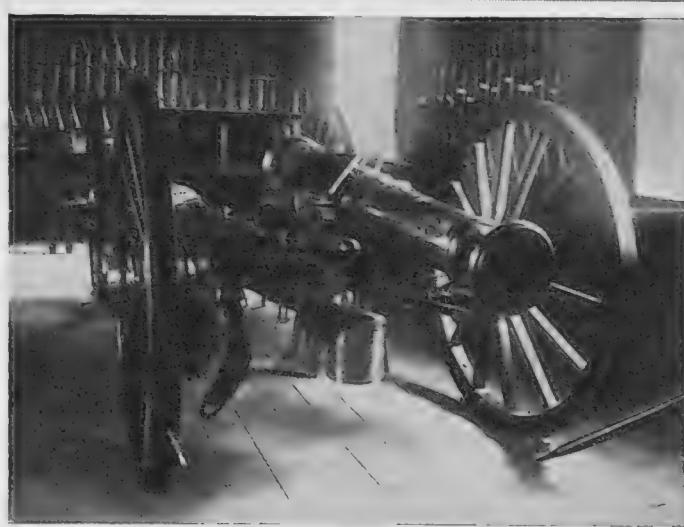
GERMAN "FRIGHTFULNESS" UNDER HEAVENLY PATRONAGE: CANNON OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR MADE "BY GOD'S AID."



USED BY US NEAR WHERE OUR TROOPS ARE NOW FIGHTING: AN ENGLISH 18-INCH "BOMBARD" FIRED AT CRESSY.



USED BY US WHERE OUR TROOPS ARE FIGHTING: A MARLBOROUGH PROTOTYPE OF THE GERMAN 17-INCH HOWITZER.



WHEN FRANCE FOUGHT WITH US BEFORE: THE FAVOURITE GUN IN THE CRIMEA—WHAT "75" IS TO THE FRENCH.

In 1804 Napoleon had his army at Calais and Boulogne for the invasion of England, and, as now, British war-vessels threw shells at the enemy on shore. Our first photograph is from the model of a vessel proposed by General Congreve (the inventor of the Congreve rocket) for shelling the enemy just as our modern monitors have shelled the Germans trying to reach Calais.—The seven-barrelled cannon was made in Germany in the Thirty Years' War. It bears this inscribed on it, and possibly the Kaiser knew

of it: "God's aid and the indefatigable Hans Reysinger have cast me. Men call me a defence in need. Should anyone be struck by me, God help him."—The 16-inch English howitzer was used in Marlborough's campaigns, where much fighting (notably at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet) took place near where the British Army has been engaged. The howitzer fired a shell almost identical in diameter with the German monster projectiles.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



A FEW weeks ago Colonel Malcolm was to all intents and purposes a City man and nothing more than a City man. In Leadenhall Street nobody was very much aware of the soldiering side of him. As the principal director of an important firm, he was known to have plenty of ability; and only fellow Scots in his office were conscious of his military interests. To say that George Malcolm was a keen and clever and good man meant, in Leadenhall Street and in many of the commercial ports of the Empire, that he was a keen and clever and good man of business.

The Emergency Soldier. There lies the chief pride of his recent achievement and of his men's glorious charge. Neither

they are, in the first place, soldiers. George Malcolm's proper uniform for years has been the regulation dress of a London merchant; he is a type of the civilian who, from a sense of duty, has crowded a soldier's training on top of a much-occupied career as a private citizen. Mr. George Malcolm, of Leadenhall Street and Wimbledon, a merchant and golfer, a man of family (he has delightful children), and (almost as an after-thought) a Colonel of a gallant regiment in the field! Such a combination entails no little sacrifice; the London Scottish are, of course, willing, even as Regulars are willing, to lay down their lives for their country; but a heavy casualty list is necessarily a greater trial to a regiment mustered at a moment's notice from every class of civilian than it is to a regiment whose one and only duty in life is to be prepared for war. The trial is a great one, and all the more inspiring is the way in which it has been met by the London Scottish. Half-an-hour spent at the headquarters in Buckingham Gate teaches the stranger a good deal about the stuff that goes to make a first-class fighting man out of a plain-clothes Londoner.

Colonel Malcolm. Colonel Malcolm entered the regiment

as a private. Like all its officers, he learned how to take command by learning first how to be commanded. Colonel Balfour, brother of A. J., had in his time the same experience. In such a regiment it is essential that the officer should understand the men, and the best way to understand them is to be one of them. It has never been the ambition of its leaders to flatten the London Scottish out into a regulation body, drilled to extinction, and worked into forgetfulness of its individuality. The men are of all stations, and though the comparative riches or poverty of its members (one private may be worth several thousands a year, and his neighbour in the file live on thirty shillings a week) counts for nothing, there are many other ways in which the variousness of the company makes for its general well-being. Its many individualities are not smothered in the process of training, and the result is a liveliness, strength, and rush that take an over-drilled enemy off its feet.

Dull Days.

When Colonel Malcolm got his commission, the regiment consisted of one battalion, nor was it a very easy task to maintain even that one battalion at full strength. From 1904 to 1907 were bad years, but, fortunately, Colonel Greig, in command at the time, got the best sort of support from Malcolm, Green (now wounded), and other officers to whom the prosperity of the regiment was a deep concern. To learn from Colonel Greig was to learn in a good school. He is typical of the regiment: a Member of Parliament, a barrister noted for learning on the law of Trusts, Copyhold, and Land Transfer, and a C.B., he is, no less than Colonel Malcolm, a perfect example of the unprofessional soldier. And yet it was to these men that the nation owes the very existence of a first-class fighting force. They pulled it through at a time of crisis.

Its History.

The beginnings of the regiment date back to the time of Lord Wemyss's pioneer work as a volunteer—to the time of whiskered officers and crinolined ladies. With the abolition of the Volunteers, the London Scottish succeeded in maintaining its identity: it went over to the Territorials as a complete unit. It saw active service in the Boer War, and left sixteen dead on the battle-fields of South Africa: it is proud to think that that number will be multiplied many times in the greatest struggle that has ever put Europe on her mettle.

A Regimental Summing-Up. "A thundering good fellow"—that is the opinion, not of one, but of all the men who have served with him or now serve under him. I had the phrase from a young recruit who had joined only a little while before the 1st Battalion went to France; I had it from an officer under whom Malcolm had served in the earliest days of his career with the London Scottish. That Colonel Malcolm is no martinet may be taken for granted: the martinet is not the man to be given a command in a regiment of boon-companions. A man gets to the top of the



CONGRATULATED BY SIR JOHN FRENCH ON THE SPLENDID WORK OF HIS REGIMENT: COLONEL MALCOLM, COMMANDING THE LONDON SCOTTISH AT THE FRONT.

After the brilliant charge made by the London Scottish at Messines, Sir John French sent a telegram to Colonel Malcolm, the Commanding Officer, saying: "I wish you and your splendid regiment to accept my warmest congratulations and thanks for the fine work you did on Saturday. You have given a glorious lead and example to all Territorial Corps fighting in France."

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

London Scottish much as a boy gets to the top of his school, or a cricketer to the top of his eleven. "A wonderfully good chap," they say, and that is almost good enough reason in itself. It means that the regiment under him is always at the top of its form: that it is willing. We may now suspect that Colonel Malcolm is something more than a business man with a patriot's sense of duty, and something more than popular. General French, maybe, would long ago have recognised him as a soldier. But to Londoners he will always be remembered as a Londoner and a civilian: a man who had never been in battle, and who always seemed to have time, not only for work in the City, but for the amenities of London life. History will treat him as a soldier; but only yesterday he was George Malcolm, of Leadenhall Street and Wimbledon, and the day will not be long, let us hope, when that character will be resumed.

MADE A CORPORAL ON THE FIELD: A GALLANT LADY.



GIVEN STRIPES BY A BELGIAN COLONEL: MISS JESSICA BORTHWICK, PROMOTED, UNDER FIRE,
TO BE AN HONORARY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

Miss Jessica Borthwick, an ambulance worker for the Belgian Field Hospital at the front, has been doing splendidly, and a Belgian Colonel has done her the exceptional honour of decorating her with corporal stripes under fire. The stripes were cut off a corporal's sleeve and sewn then and there on Miss Borthwick's sleeve. She shares

the distinction of being an officer in this regiment with the Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Max, and the King of Italy. In the studio of Mr. Leo, 48, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, an oil-painting of this picture may be seen, and the entrance fees (6d.), and money produced by the sale of photographs are given to the Belgian Field Hospital Fund.

Photograph by the Leo Studios.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

MOST people approve the line taken by Captain Beamish and Miss Simon, who were married last week in Sloane Street. They intimated that they would rather not have any presents. We agree that this is no moment for the futile shopping that results, in the aggregate, in ten chafing-dishes and a dozen silver-backed hair-brushes. But Captain Beamish (whose ship is the *Invincible*) and his bride should not indefinitely refuse the offerings of their friends. Why not a system of vouchers, negotiable after the war?

A Triumph in Lunch-Baskets. The British Staff-Officer who made it a grievance (in passing)

that he never got a French dinner at General French's table in France must have been fastidious to a fault. He has, I am told, no reasonable ground for complaint against the fare provided by the Headquarters Staff kitchens. Captain "Freddie" Guest comes home with nothing but praise, and particularly for one most important branch of a field-chef's activities. "The lunch-baskets," he reports, "are the best I've ever had, bar none."

Not Quite the Real Thing. The evidence of the Eye-Witness is generally first in the field; but now and then he tells a tale that has already reached these shores. "As the Germans came up in a solid line two-deep," he recounts, "they shouted out, 'Don't fire. We are the Coldstream Guards!'" The version already current seemed, perhaps, a trifle flippant to the writer who drives his pen in one of the Headquarters Staff's tin houses. A small body of Germans found themselves unexpectedly exposed to British fire. "Don't shoot!" cried a Lieutenant, running forward; "Don't shoot, we are the Vultshires!"

(A) Von Speerschuttler. The Wagner concert is still a possibility in London, and Shake-

peare is holding the boards at the present moment in Berlin. He is, of course, one of Germany's foreign possessions, improved by translation into gutturals! Hitherto our poet has been allowed

to keep his English name, but I am told that the Berlin Gallery, at any rate, is beginning to speak of him as Speerschuttler.

An Extra "Specia." Sir Edward Elgar is a "special." This means that he will have less spare time than ever for the relaxations of the laboratory, wherein he used to relax his musical muscles. There is a legend that on one occasion, while making a favourite experiment, his chemicals exploded, and to avert the resentment of neighbours, he ran to the front door and looked up and down the street as if to find out the whereabouts of the disturbance. If such a thing happened again, Sir Edward, before shifting the responsibility, would have to cope with the conscience of a very special constable.

Mr. Cunningham Graham is off to South America to buy horses for the Government. This is, one suspects, his first official appointment; ever since his collision with the police on one memorable occasion in Trafalgar Square he has lived in the odour of revolutionary sanctity. As a speaker, Mr. Cunningham Graham's reputation has been widespread. In appearance a younger and sprucer Don Quixote—of Knightsbridge—Mr. Cunningham Graham knows a deal more about mounts than the knightly Spaniard or his squire; he has done ranching in Mexico, and as a polite horseman on a lively Arab he is famous in the Row.

A Buyer of Parts. Though the orthodox Englishman has always well maintained his faith in the thoroughbreds of this island, Mr. Cunningham Graham has been equally successful in establishing a case for the sturdy breeds of other latitudes. No better man, certainly, could have been chosen for the task of buying in South America, for Mr. Cunningham Graham

has made a study of the men and the language as well as the horses of that Continent. His brother is the King's friend and Groom-in-Waiting, Commander Cunningham Graham, R.N.



MARTIAL LAW IN EGYPT: LIEUT-GENERAL SIR J. G. MAXWELL, COMMANDING THE FORCES IN EGYPT.

That fine soldier, Lieut-General Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., who has a brilliant record, and is Commanding the Forces in Egypt, announced, on Nov. 2, that the British Government had charged him with the military control of Egypt, and declared the country to be under martial law. Sir John Maxwell married, in 1892, Louise Selina, daughter of Mr. Charles Williams Bonyng, of 42, Prince's Gate, S.W.

Photograph by Lafayette.



REPORTED MISSING, AND, UNOFFICIALLY, A PRISONER OF WAR: THE HON. JOHN SPENCER COKE.

Captain the Hon. John Spencer Coke, of the Scots Guards, is a half-brother of the third Earl of Leicester, and served in South Africa. He married, in 1907, Dorothy Olive, daughter of the Hon. Harry Webster Levy-Lawson, M.P., who is the eldest son of the first Baron Burnham.

Photograph by Sarony.



THE DESTROYER OF AKABA: CAPTAIN P. H. WARLEIGH, WHO HAS BEEN IN ACTION IN THE RED SEA.

Upon arriving at Akaba, on Nov. 3, H.M.S. "Minerva" (Captain Percival H. Warleigh) found the place in the occupation of soldiers, one of whom had the appearance of a German officer, and natives. The "Minerva" then shelled the fort, which was quickly evacuated, with no British casualties.

Photograph by Russell.



MADE A CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: CAPTAIN J. A. F. CUFFE, ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Upon Captain J. A. F. Cuffe, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the French Government, with the approval of H.M. the King, has bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honour—*Croix de Chevalier*, for gallantry during the important operations which took place between Aug. 21 and 30.

Photograph by Russell.



AMONG THE WOUNDED: CAPTAIN SIR FREDERICK VILLIERS LAUD ROBINSON, BT.

Captain Sir Frederick Villiers Laud Robinson, of the Northamptonshire Regiment, who is reported wounded, is the tenth Baronet, and has seen service in South Africa. He married, last year, Eileen, daughter of Mr. Harry Higham, of 34, Park-Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Photograph by Swaine.

A TEACH-ME-HOW-TO-“WU”-THEE SORT OF DANCE.



1. A LETHAL DRUG AND A LETHAL WEAPON: THE GIRL (MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN) LEAVES THE OPIUM DEN AFTER STABBING HER DANCE-PARTNER (MR. SHAW), WHO DIES IN THE ARMS OF THE KEEPER OF THE DEN (MR. STUART).

2. A CHINESE APACHE DANCE OF DEATH: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AS A GIRL AND MR. SHAW (NOT BERNARD) AS A MAN IN “THE OPIUM DEN.”

A striking item in the new edition of the Alhambra revue, “Everything New? Not Likely!” is Scene IX., “The Opium Den,” in which Miss Phyllis Monkman and Mr. Shaw join in a kind of Chinese Apache dance that ends in tragedy. After

the dance the girl stabs her partner and leaves him dying on the ground. The mise-en-scène suggests that of “Mr. Wu.” The music was composed by Mr. Melville J. Gléon.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]



SMALL TALK

HERE is one wholly unmercenary man in England. Lord Latymer has cast off all his Money—but retains his million! The solution of the riddle is that his father's name was Money, his mother's Coutts, and that the conjunction of the two—for many years he was known as Francis Money-Coutts—sounded uncomfortably like the rattle of coin on a banker's counter. Latterly, and for some little while before he established his claim to the Latymer peerage, he had been calling and signing himself Francis Coutts, but only now has legally rid himself of the objectionable word.



TO MARRY CAPT. G. B. O. TAYLOR, R.E.: MISS CECIL FFRENCH-MULLEN.

Miss ffrench-Mullen is the daughter of Colonel Douglas ffrench-Mullen, I.M.S., and Mrs. ffrench-Mullen, of Hollywood, near Rochester, Kent. Captain Taylor is in the Royal Engineers.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

the bewigged gentry's confidence in the stability of the State—war or no war.

Brothers in Arms. Last week I told the story of young Geoffrey Snead-Cox, who went to the front with his regiment despite an accident in the polo-field, and was killed three days later. His death was a great blow to devoted parents, but their anxiety for their eldest son, also in the thick of the fighting, acted in some sort as a distraction. Both names now figure in the Roll of Honour:

"Snead-Cox, killed in action on Oct. 28th, Richard, eldest son of John George Snead-Cox, of Broxwood Court, Hereford, and 38, Egerton Gardens. R.I.P. Snead-Cox, killed in action on Oct. 20th, Geoffrey, second son," etc. There are other such cases of brothers in arms—and death.



TO MARRY MISS CECIL FFRENCH-MULLEN: CAPTAIN G. B. O. TAYLOR. Captain G. B. O. Taylor, whose engagement to Miss Cecil ffrench-Mullen is announced, is in the Royal Engineers. Miss ffrench-Mullen is the daughter of Colonel ffrench-Mullen, of the Indian Medical Service.

Photograph by Swaine.

many personal losses, though the name of Mr. Winston Churchill's first-cousin, Captain Norman Leslie, figures on the Roll of Honour. Unlike so many of the fatalities of the last few weeks, Captain Leslie's death did not occur immediately he got into the firing line. He saw a fair amount of fighting before he

The Soldier's Point of View. News of Captain Robin

Grey, of the Royal Flying Corps and a relative of Sir Edward Grey, has been received in London. He is a prisoner of war at Torgau, and well; but it is not yet known whether the Germans realised their captive's connection with the Foreign Office. Up to the present the Cabinet has not suffered



TO MARRY MR. JOHN GLYNN POWELL: MISS JESSIE BROWN.

Miss Jessie Brown is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, of Maple Durham-on-Thames, and is shortly to marry Mr. John Glynn Powell, second son of Admiral Sir Francis Powell and Lady Powell.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. WALTER T. HEPBURN-SCOTT (FORMERLY MISS ELSPEETH GLENCAIRN CAMPBELL).

Mrs. Hepburne-Scott is the second daughter of the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, of Bishop's House, Glasgow, and the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, and a grand-daughter of the eighth Viscount Midleton. Mr. Walter T. Hepburne-Scott is the eldest son of the Master of Polwarth, and the Hon. Mrs. Scott, and is a second Lieutenant in the Lothians and Border Horse.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM ROBERT YOUNGER, ELDEST SON OF SIR WILLIAM AND LADY YOUNGER, OF AUCHEN CASTLE, N.B.: MISS JOAN GWENDOLINE JOHNSTONE.

Miss Johnstone is the younger daughter of the Hon. Louis and Mrs. Johnstone, of Levington Hall, Ipswich, and granddaughter of Lord Derwent.

Photograph by Sarony.

fell—or, as a brother officer expressed it, he "had six weeks' run for his money."

The Absentees. His Majesty's domestic staff probably holds a record for enlistment; eighty-nine royal servants are at the front. This, it is stated, is why the King and Queen are not using the State coach, with its complement of cream-coloured ponies, for the opening of Parliament. And while Buckingham Palace makes a noble contribution to the forces on active service, it must not be forgotten that the House of Commons, at the other end of Wednesday's route, has also done its share. Thirty-two Ministerialists are away in the fighting line, and three or four times that number represents the Liberal total of those who are absent on account of various forms of war service. As many as one hundred and five Unionist members are engaged in the different branches of naval and military activity.



TO MARRY MR. WILFRED GUTCH: MISS CHRISTINE BRAMWELL BREMNER.

Miss Bremner, whose engagement to Mr. Wilfred Gutch is just announced, is the eldest daughter of Mr. A. M. Bremner, of the Inner Temple, and St. Petersburg Place, W.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Common Grief. The King and Queen have not been free from personal grief during the last few weeks.

The death of Prince Maurice was followed by news of several casualties that very closely concerned their Majesties. The loss of Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, which is a tragedy in his own family (he leaves a widow and two little children, and his father is ill), was received at Buckingham Palace with a deep sense of bereavement; and Captain Bulkeley's death brings with it a feeling of personal loss. To the Queen falls the duty of condoling with those who suffer most acutely—with widows and mothers and orphans. It is a duty her Majesty accomplishes with such extraordinary sympathy and kindness that she must herself be happy in the consciousness of relieving the unprecedented distress of others.



The "Emden's" Captain.

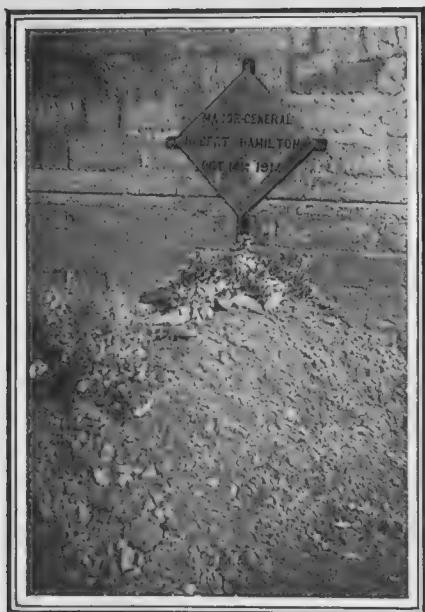
The Captain of the *Emden* is still something of a mystery, but there are, as it happens, several people in England who remember him clearly enough. Mr. Fred Jane tentatively identifies him with a Captain Müller who once made friends with a number of English naval officers in an English port and managed to win halfpennies from them at a game of hooks and indiarubber rings. The identification is perfectly correct: the *Emden's* commander was the winner of those halfpennies, and is the Captain Karl Müller whose name is now an object of curiosity in the visitors' book of a London hotel. He was here as a guest of the Government, and was much liked. It is a pity, perhaps, that he is not a guest to-day!

TO MARRY MISS CHRISTINE BRAMWELL BREMNER: MR. WILFRED GUTCH.

Mr. Wilfred Gutch, whose engagement to Miss Christine Bramwell Bremner is announced, is a barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, and is the second son of the late Mr. J. J. Gutch, and Mrs. Gutch, of Holgate Lodge, York.

Photograph by Lafayette.

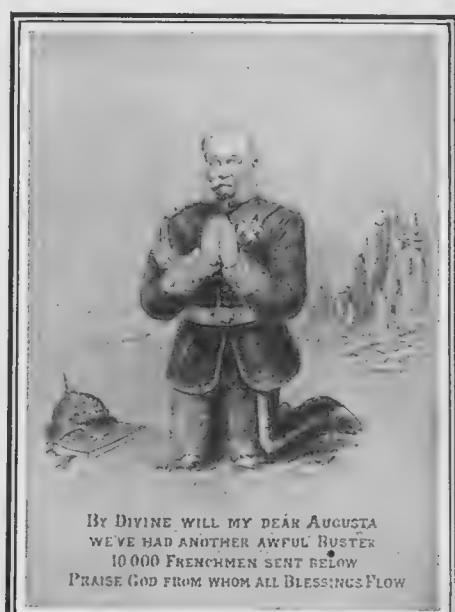
1914 AND 1870: WAR SCENES AND PERSONALITIES.



BURIED UNDER FIRE BY NIGHT: MAJOR-GENERAL HUBERT HAMILTON'S GRAVE.



WITH THE ADMIRAL WHOSE FLAG-SHIP WAS SUNK OFF CHILE: THE KING AND ADMIRAL CRADOCK.



LIKE GRANDFATHER, LIKE GRANDSON: WILHELM I. AND HIS SENTIMENTS IN 1870.



THE KAISER VERY MUCH UNDER CANVAS: CLOSE FORMATION IN TENTS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



NOT TO BE CAUGHT BY WIRE: AN IMPERIAL GERMAN MOTOR-CAR FITTED WITH A WIRE-CUTTING DEVICE.



LAND OBSERVERS CONCEALED FROM AIR OBSERVERS: AN INGENIOUSLY HIDDEN FRENCH TELEPHONE STATION IN THE ARGONNE.

Major-General Hubert Hamilton, who was killed on Oct. 14 by a shrapnel bullet, was buried the same night at the church of La Couture, in France, under dramatic circumstances. A brother-officer, describing the scene (in a letter published in the "Morning Post") writes: "All day we could not get near the place where he was lying owing to heavy shell-fire, but at dusk we went out and carried him to a little church near by, and buried him there. Just as we got there the attack began violently, so that we could not hear the chaplain's voice for musketry and pom-pom fire close by. Flashes

from the guns lit us up now and then, but no other light than a tiny torch for the parson to see to read by." Our photograph shows General Hamilton's grave at La Couture, which proved to be temporary. Later, the body was exhumed and brought to England under a guard of the London Scottish, and was buried on Oct. 20 at St. Martin's Church, Chertsey.—Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock was in command of the squadron in action with the Germans off Chile. His flag-ship, the "Good Hope," was sunk.—[Photographs by Photopress, G.P.U., Mason, C.N., and L.N.A.]



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE KING'S PARDON.

By "BARTIMEUS."

ASK the first thousand bluejackets you meet ashore any afternoon the Fleet is giving leave why they joined the Navy.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine will eye you suspiciously, awaiting the inevitable tract. If none is forthcoming, they will give a short, grim laugh, shake their heads, and, as likely as not, exspectorate. These portents may be taken to imply that they really do not know themselves, or are too shy to say so if they do.

The thousandth does not laugh. He may shake his head; spit he certainly will. And then, scenting silent sympathy, he guides you to a quiet bar-parlour where you can pay for his beer while he talks.

This is the man with a Past and a Grievance.

Nosey Baines, Stoker Second Class, was a man with a Past. He also owned a Grievance when he presented himself for entry into his Majesty's Navy. It was about his only possession.

"Nosey" was not, of course, his strict baptismal name. That was Orson—no less. Therein lay the Past. "Nosey" was the result of facial peculiarities quite beyond his control. His nose was out of proportion to the remainder of his features. This system of nomenclature survives from the Stone Age, and, sailors being conservative folk, still finds favour on the lower-decks of H.M. ships and vessels.

The Writer in the Certificate Office at the Naval Depot where Nosey Baines was entered for service as a Second-Class Stoker under training had had a busy morning. There had been a rush of New Entries owing to the conclusion of the hop-picking season, the insolvency of a local ginger-beer bottling factory, and other mysterious influences. Nosey's parchment Certificate—that document which accompanies a man from ship to ship, and, containing all particulars relating to him, is said to be a man's passport through life—was the nineteenth he had made out that morning.

"Name?"

Nosey spelt it patiently.

"Religion?"

Nosey looked sheepish and rather flattered—as a Hottentot might if you asked him for the address of his tailor. The Writer gave the surface of the parchment a preparatory rub with a piece of indiarubber. "Well, come on—R.C., Churher-England, Methodist . . . ?"

Nosey selected the second alternative. It sounded patriotic, at all events.

"Next o' kin? Nearest relative?"

"Never 'ad none," replied Nosey haughtily. "I'm a norfun."

"Ain't you got *no* one?" asked the weary Writer. He had been doing this sort of thing for the last eighteen months, and it rather bored him. "S'pose you was to die—wouldn't you like no one to be told?"

Nosey brought his black brows together with a scowl and shook his head. This was what he wanted—an opportunity to declare his antagonism to all the gentler influences of the land. . . . If he was to die even . . .

The Ship's Corporal waiting to guide him to the New Entry Mess touched him on the elbow. The Writer was gathering his papers together. A sudden wave of forlornness swept over Nosey. He wanted his dinner, and was filled with emptiness and self-pity. The world was vast and disinterested in him. There were evidences on all sides of an unfamiliar and terrifying discipline . . .

"You come alonger me," said the voice of the Ship's Corporal—a deep, alarming voice, calculated to inspire awe and reverence in

the breast of a new entry. Nosey turned, and then stopped irresolutely. "If he was to die—"

"'Ere," he said, relenting. "Nex' o' kin—I ain't got none. But I gotter fren'." He coloured hotly. "Miss Abel's 'er name, 14, Golder's Square, Bloomsbury, London—Miss J. Abel."

This was Janie, the Grievance. It was to punish Janie that Nosey had flung in his lot with those who go down to the sea in ships.

Prior to this drastic step Nosey had been an errand-boy—a rather superior kind of errand-boy who went his rounds on a ramshackle bicycle with a carrier fixed in front. Painted in large letters on the carrier was the legend—

J. HOLMES AND SON,

FISHMONGER.

ICE, ETC.

And in smaller letters underneath—

Cash on Delivery.

Janie was a general servant in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. She it was who answered the area-door when Nosey called to deliver such kippers and smoked haddocks as were destined by the gods and Mr. Holmes for the boarding-house breakfast-table.

It was hard to say in what respect Janie lit the flame of love within Nosey's breast. She was diminutive and flat-chested; her skin was sallow from life-long confinement in basément sculleries and the atmosphere of the Bloomsbury boarding-house. She had little beady black eyes, and a print dress that didn't fit her at all well. Her corsets cost 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. (grey, with a little flowered pattern), and the whalebone protruded oddly and unexpectedly. . . . One stocking was generally coming down in folds over her ankle; her hands were chapped and nubbly—pathetic as the marred hands of a woman alone can be. Altogether, she was just the little unlovely slavey of fiction and the drama and every-day life in boarding-house-land.

Yet the fishmonger's errand-boy—Orson Baines, by your leave, and Captain of his Soul—loved her as Antony loved Cleopatra.

Janie met him every other Sunday as near three o'clock as she could get away. The Sunday boarding-house luncheon included soup on its menu, which meant more plates to wash up than usual. They met under the third lamp-post on the left-hand side going towards the British Museum. . . .

Once a fortnight, from 3 p.m. till 10 p.m., Janie tasted the penultimate triumph of womanhood: she was courted. Poor Janie! No daughter of Eve had less of the coquette in her composition. Not for a moment did she realise the furrows that she was ploughing in Nosey's amiable soul. Other girls walked out on their Sundays. The possession of a young man—even a fishmonger's errand-boy on twelve bob a week—was a necessary adjunct to life itself. Of all that "walking out" implied: of love, even as it was understood in Bloomsbury basements, Janie's anaemic little heart suspected very little. But Romance was there, fluttering tattered ribbons, luring her on through the drab fog of her workaday existence.

It was otherwise with Nosey. His love for Janie was a very real affair, although what sowed the seeds was not apparent; and the soil in which they took root and thrived—the daily interviews at the area door and these fortnightly strolls—seemed, on the face of it, inadequate. Perhaps he owed his queer gift of constancy to

[Continued overleaf.]

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—“Barnaby Rudge.”

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NOTE.—A beautiful reproduction in colours of the above picture will be sent to any customers and friends upon receipt of three stamps to cover postage and packing, on application to the head offices, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

the mysterious Past that gave him his baptismal name. They were both unusual.

A certain Sunday afternoon in early autumn found them sitting side by side on a seat in a grubby London square. Janie, gripping the handle of cook's borrowed umbrella which she held perpendicularly before her, the toes of her large boots turned a little inwards, was sucking a peppermint bull's-eye.

To Nosey the hour and the place seemed propitious, and he proposed heroic marriage.

"Lor!" gasped Janie, staring before her at the autumn tints that were powdering the dingy elms with gold-dust. There was mingled pride and perplexity in her tones; slowly she savoured the romantic moment to the full, turning it over in her mind, as the bull's-eye revolved in her cheek, before finally putting it from her. Then—

"I couldn't marry you," she said gently. "You ain't got no prospecks." Walking out with twelve bob a week was one thing; marriage quite a different matter.

In the orphanage where she had been reared in infancy the far-seeing Sisters had, perhaps, not been unmindful of the possibility of this moment. A single life of drudgery and hardship, even as a boarding-house slavey, meant, if nothing more, meals and a roof over her head. Improvident marriage demanded, sooner or later, starvation. This one star remained to guide her when all else of the good Sisters' teaching grew dim in her memory.

"Prospecks!" Marry without and you were done. So ran Janie's philosophy. The remains of the bull's-eye faded into dissolution.

Nosey was aghast. The perfidy of women!

"You led me on," he cried. "You bin carryin' on wiv me—'Ow could you?—Pictur' Palaces an' fried fish suppers an' all—" He referred to the sweets of their courtship. "Ow, Janie!"

Janie wept.

After that the daily meetings at the area door were not to be thought of. Nosey flung himself off in a rage, and for two successive nights contemplated suicide from the parapet of Westminster Bridge. The irksome round of duties on the ramshackle bicycle became impossible. The very traffic murmured the name of Janie in his ears. London stifled him; he wanted to get away and bury himself and his grief in new surroundings. Then his eye was caught by one of the Admiralty recruiting posters in the window of a Whitehall Post Office. It conjured up a vision of a roving, care-free life—of illimitable spaces and great healing winds. A life of hard living and hard drinking, when a man could forget.

But somehow Nosey didn't forget.

The Navy received him without emotion. They cut his hair and pulled out his teeth. They washed and clothed and fed him generously. He was taught, in a vast echoing drill-shed, to recognise and respect Authority, and after six months' preliminary training informed that he was a Second-Class Stoker, and as such drafted to sea in the Battle-Cruiser Squadron.

Here Nosey found himself an insignificant unit among nearly a thousand barefooted, free-fisted, cursing, clean-shaven men, who smelt perpetually of soap and damp serge, and comprised the lower-deck complement of a British battle-cruiser.

He worked in an electric-lit steel tunnel, with red-hot furnaces on one side and the gaping mouths of coal-caverns on the other. You reached it by perpendicular steel ladders descending through a web of hissing steam-pipes and machinery; once across greasy deck-plates and through a maze of dimly lit alleys, you would find Nosey shovelling coal into the furnaces under the direction of a hairy-chested individual afflicted, men said, by religious mania, who sucked pieces of coal as an antidote to chronic thirst and spat about him indiscriminately.

There were eight-hour intervals in this work, during which Nosey slept or ate his meals, or played a mouth-organ in the lee of one of the turret-guns on deck, according to the hour of the day. He slept in a hammock slung in an electric-lit passage far below the water-line; the passage was ten feet wide, and there were six hammocks slung abreast along the entire length of it.

He ate his meals in a mess with twenty other men, the mess consisting of a deal plank covered with oil-cloth for a table, and two narrower planks on either side as seats; there were shelves for crockery against the ship's side. All this woodwork was scrubbed and scoured till it was almost as white as ivory. Other messes, identical in every respect, situated three feet apart, ranged parallel to each other as far as the steel-enamelled bulk-heads. There were twenty men in each mess, and seventeen messes on that particular mess-deck, and here the members simultaneously ate, slept, sang, washed their clothes, cursed and laughed, skylarked or quarrelled all round during the hours of their watch off.

Still Nosey did not forget.

Then came Janie's letter from the Middlesex Hospital. Janie was in a "decline."

The men who go down into trenches in the firing-line are, if anything, less heroic than the army of cooks and Janies who descend to spend their lives in the basement "domestic offices" of early Victorian London. Dark and ill-ventilated in summer, gas-lit and airless throughout the foggy winter; flight upon flight of stairs, up which Janie daily toiled a hundred times before she was

suffered to seek the attic she shared with cook under the slates; over-work, lack of fresh air and recreation—all these had told at last.

Nosey availed himself of week-end leave from Portsmouth to journey up to London, and was permitted an interview with her in the big, airy ward. Neither spoke much; at no time had they been great conversationalists, and now Janie, more diminutive and angular than ever, lost in the folds of a flannel night-gown, was content to hold his hand as long as he was allowed to remain.

The past was ignored, or nearly so. "You didn't orter gone off like that," said Janie reproachfully. "But I'm glad you're a sailor. You looks beautiful in them clothes. An' there's prospecks in the Navy." Poor little Janie! She had "prospecks" herself at last.

He left the few flowers he had brought with the Sister of the ward when the time came to leave. The nurse followed him into the corridor. "Come and see her every visiting-day you can," she said. "It does her good and cheers her. She often speaks of you."

Nosey returned to Portsmouth and his ship. His mess—the mess-deck itself—was agog with rumours. Had he heard the "buzz"? Nosey had not. "I bin to London to see a fren'," he explained. Then they told him.

The battle-cruiser to which he belonged had been ordered to join the Mediterranean Fleet. That was Monday; they were to sail for Malta on Thursday.

And Janie was dying in the Middlesex Hospital.

The next visiting-day found him at Janie's bedside. But instead of his spick-and-span serge suit of "Number Ones" and carefully ironed blue collar, Nosey wore a rusty suit of "civvies" (Anglicé—civilian clothes). Instead of being clean-shaven, an inconsiderable moustache was feeling its way through his upper lip.

"Where's your sailor clothes?" asked Janie weakly.

Nosey looked round to reassure himself that they were not overheard. "I done a bunk!" he whispered.

Janie gazed at him with dismayed eyes. "Not—not deserted?"

Nosey nodded. "Don't you take on, Janie. 'S only so's I can stay near you." He pressed her dry hand. "I got a barrer—whelks an' periwinkles. I've saved a bit o' money. An' now I can stay near you an' come 'ere visiting-days."

Janie was too weak to argue or expostulate. In fact, it may have been that she was conscious of a certain amount of pride in Nosey's voluntary outlawry for her sake. And she was glad enough to have someone to sit with her on visiting-days and tell her about the outside world she was never to see again. She even went back in spirit to the proud days when they walked out together. . . . It brought balm to the cough-racked nights and the weary passage of the days.

Then the streets echoed with the cries of paper-boys. The nurses whispered together excitedly in their leisure moments. The doctors seem to acquire an added briskness. Once or twice she heard the measured tramp of feet in the streets below, as a regiment was moved from one quarters to another.

England was at war with Germany, they told her. But the intelligence did not interest Janie much at first. That Empires should battle for supremacy concerned her very little—till she remembered Nosey's late calling.

It was two days before she saw him again, and he still wore his "civvy" suit. Janie smiled as he approached the bed, and fumbled with the halfpenny daily paper that somebody had given her to look at.

"'Ere," she whispered, "read that."

Nosey bent over and read the lines indicated by the thin fore-finger—

"His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of pardons being granted to all deserters from the Royal Navy and Marines who surrender themselves forthwith."

There was silence in the ward for a moment. Far below in the street outside a transport wagon rumbled by. Janie braced herself for the supreme act of her life.

"You gotter go," said she.

Nosey stared at her and then back at the newspaper. "Not me," he retorted, and took possession of her hand.

"That's the King's Pardon," said Janie, touching the halfpenny news-sheet with transparent fingers. "Tain't no use you comin' 'ere no more, 'cos I won't see you. I'll ask 'em at the door not to let you in."

Nosey knew that note of indomitable obstinacy in the weak voice. He knew, as he sat looking down upon the fragile atom in the bed, that he could kill her with the pressure of a finger. But there was no way of making Janie go back on her decision once her mind was made up. "If there's a war you orter be fightin'," she added. "There's prospecks" Her weak voice was almost inaudible, and the nurse was coming down the ward towards them.

Nosey lifted the hot, dry little claw to his lips. "If you sez I gotter go, I'll go," he said, and rose to his feet.

"Course you gotter go. The King sez so, an' I sez so. Don't you get worritin' about me; I'll be all right when you comes 'ome—wiv yer medals"

Nosey caught the nurse's eye, and tiptoed out of the ward. Janie turned her face to the Valley of the Shadow.

THE END.

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BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Amusing the Lads in Khaki. It must be the great business of useless civilians during the next few months, when the weather in London may be anything but cheerful, to keep the lads in khaki—Kitchener's new army and all the various battalions and corps which have sprung up out of the ground overnight—cheerful and amused of an evening. Recreation-rooms should be started everywhere, and generously supported. Pianos, gramophones, and records should be given or lent, games of all sorts supplied, and concerts and sing-songs organised as many nights a week as possible. These boys, many of them of the upper-middle class, have left homes where they were idolised, and where every amusement and recreation was to be had for the asking. And it is astonishing how easily these delightfully cheery youths are amused. Songs with a chorus are first favourites, for the new Tommy is not above performing himself, and has the newest Reinhardtian ideas of the audience mixing itself up with the performance. He will even mount the platform, if pressed, and sing and recite himself. Perhaps the most notable thing about these soldier-concerts is that they partake of the character, between audience and performers, of a happy family party. One of the few good things about this war is the entire disappearance of snobbishness and swank. We shall emerge out of it an infinitely finer people, having had a real and dramatic awakening as to the brotherhood of Man.

Arms and the Man. Quite extraordinary is the change made in our gilded youth—and ungilded, for the matter of that—by a course of military training, the wearing of a khaki uniform with brass buttons, and a knowledge of what is going on in Belgium and France. The boy we all knew as the cheeriest but seemingly most irresponsible of civilised beings, devoted to music or the Tango, football or golf, according to his special idiosyncrasies, has become, within a brief two months, a quiet, serious, determined personage, saying little, but doing his utmost to fit himself to fight his country's battles. The fearful shadow of world-war has cast itself over him, and, for good or ill, he will never be quite the same careless young creature again. He will remain cheery, stoical, indomitable, but he will have known what the French youth has known for many a long year—what the menace of Prussian militarism means for Europe. He will have graver eyes, even if a jest is often on his lips. The Germans do not understand the gallant cheeriness of our troops in the field; they think there is something uncanny and mysterious about it. They call our Tommies "the smiling devils." And, indeed, British cheeriness, our readiness to give nicknames to

at home is ready to take up the legend and maintain the standard already set for good and all.

Beggars in Wrong Places.

Of all the schemes for getting money in wartime, the one that appeals to me least is that of begging in the streets, in shaking boxes at people as they go about their business, or invading hotels and restaurants and molesting unoffending people at their meals. To begin with, such methods savour of charity, and our soldiers and sailors, with their wives and dependents, are not beggars, but rather deserving of the highest honour we can do them. To solicit alms for them is not the way to reward the amazing valour shown in the two Services. Neither should this method be employed in the sadder case of the Belgian refugees. These martyred ones are the honoured guests of England; they should never be made to feel they are paupers, dependent on the bounty of casual persons in the street. As a matter of fact, various ingenious people have been exploiting our guests and incidentally making a profit for themselves, and one is glad to see that the magistrates are putting a stop to this kind of street trading, especially when young and pretty girls are employed on the pavement. Belgian and French newspapers, too, are being sold by young persons of those nationalities whose appearance is in strong contrast to our own newsvendors at the street corners. One cannot regard the innovation as an agreeable or seemly one.

Our Resources. Never, perhaps, has an entire nation thrown the whole of its energies into a great war as England is beginning to do now that the mortal struggle is intensifying. Our money resources we are only, at present, playing with. Folks who can afford it amply are presenting motor-ambulances, and people who cannot give a whole one out of their own pocket are joining in subscriptions for this admirable work. Everywhere there are legions of women knitting as if their lives depended on it. Other, and more practical, women have organised things on a wider scale, and with a view to giving employment this winter rather than to reducing it by amateur and voluntary efforts. But there is still an astounding amount of energy and good-will not yet utilised, and, what is more to the point from a military point of view, there is almost inexhaustible wealth to fall back upon. Mr. Lloyd George's sapient remark, at the beginning of the war, that it is "the last hundred millions" which will decide it, has lost none of its point as things develop. Not one of us would grudge our last spare five-pound-note in such a cause, and we shall give it without being constrained to do so by high-handed methods like Germany has used, by confiscating a percentage on deposits in savings-banks.



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One of the best aids in this laudable endeavour is the famous **Cyclax Skin Food** (4/- and 7/-, post free), which possesses marvellous properties in restoring colour, tone and elasticity to the skin when it has become shrivelled, dry, or harsh. It feeds the tissues, cleanses the pores, and builds up the flesh, so that lines and wrinkles disappear. It has been rightly called the "balm of balms," for when **Cyclax Skin Food** is used the skin quickly improves in appearance, becomes thoroughly nourished, and acquires a healthy, firm surface.

A delightful preparation, which should be used in conjunction with **Cyclax Skin Food**, is the well-known **Cyclax Blended Lotion**



(4/- and 8/-, post free). This has an almost marvellous effect upon the complexion, giving it a beautiful transparent whiteness and an exquisite peach-like bloom. It prevents dust from settling in the pores, and protects the skin from climatic changes. For either day or evening use it is admirable.

When the skin of the face shows a tendency to become loose and to "sag" under the chin and round the throat, **Cyclax Throat Lotion** (7/-, post free) comes to the rescue in a wonderful way, bracing and stimulating the muscles and quickly restoring the contour to the face. If **Cyclax Chin Strap** (6/-, post free) is worn at night, the process of rejuvenating the face is hastened as this simple appliance prevents dropping of the muscles and preserves a youthful appearance.

No woman who desires to retain her good looks should be without a copy of Mrs. Hemming's celebrated Book on "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," which will be sent gratis and post free, on application to the address below. It contains valuable advice on beauty culture, including the care of the complexion and figure, and a full list of all the world-famous **Cyclax** Preparations, with instructions for using them. Send, to-day, for a copy!

What the Public Think About the Cyclax Preparations.

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"I LIKE the cream immensely, and find it keeps my skin in a very nice healthy condition."

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"I am very satisfied with all the things sent her, especially so with the Powder; it is delightful to use."

ETRETA (FRANCE).

"I HAVE bought a considerable quantity of your Preparations, with which I am very pleased."

HULL.

"CONSIDERS the Bloom of Nature the most delightful Preparation she has ever used."

SUTTON.

"SHE finds already that the special Lotion has a most beneficial effect on her skin."

GURNARD, I OF W.

"AN Indian friend has been telling me about your wonderful Preparations for the skin; please send me a list."

BELGRAVIA (S. AFRICA).

"RECEIVED parcel containing the Skin Food and Lotion, which I think are excellent."

CHISLEHURST.

"I AM very pleased with the Skin Food; I like it more than any I have tried before; I see quite a difference after using it a few times."

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"I RECEIVED the Hand Bleach and the pot of Skin Food. I am very pleased indeed with both, and now wish to try your Hair Stimulant."

HOLLYWOOD, CO. DOWN.

"I HAVE read your splendid little Book. It contains a great deal of very good advice and will be so helpful."

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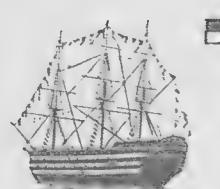
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are a feature of this House: their cleverly designed lines, allied to

Bond Street workmanship, have established a vogue. It is not too much to say that the productions of our designers are recognised as the highest standard of excellence in Children's attire.

The "Cecil" Coat illustrated is made in Irish Frieze, lined with white Polonaise, and interlined for extra warmth. It is stocked for Girls of 2½ years up to 14 years, and for Boys up to 8 years. Colours are Rose, Cinnamon, Emerald, and Saxe, and in Navy Velour Cloth.

The price in 8-year size is
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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Deeply, Darkly,
Desperately Blue.

Men and women alike seem to have embarked on a scheme of navy-blue as regards their autumn clothes. It has for some time been a very favourite autumn and winter hue; now it hits a happy mean between black and bright colours. No one wants to—in fact, no patriotic person will—wear black just now unless compelled to do so; on the other hand, few people's spirits are attuned to bright hues. The women's clothes in navy-blue leave little to be desired, so smart are they and so undeniable is their *cachet*, secured by the little touches so difficult to explain, so insistent in effect. Men never look better than in well-made navy-blue suits, except when in uniform, which most of ours are now wearing. Although there is some trouble about aniline dyes, of which Germany managed to get nearly a monopoly, yet there is plenty of indigo—and, what is still better, synthetic indigo—so we shall no more want for our navy-blue than for our all-powerful Navy.



TO BE MARRIED TO MISS EVELYN HULL THIS MONTH :
VISCOUNT CHARLEMONT.

The eighth Viscount Charlemont (whose marriage to Miss Evelyn Hull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. P. Hull, of Earlswood Mount, Surrey, is arranged to take place on Nov. 26) represents a historic family of much interest, Sir Toby Caulfeild, the first Peer, having taken part in the repulse of the Spanish Armada, and being created Baron of Charlemont in 1620. The story of the family is one of the romances of the Peerage. Viscount Charlemont's seats are Drumcarnie, Stewarts-town, and Roxborough Castle, Moy, Co. Tyrone.

Photograph by Lafayette.

our sailors are called up once more. The steamer *Silversand* brought into the Port of London recently £160,000 worth of concentrated and canned food for the Oxo factories to make into their inimitable

How Our Supplies Arrive. There is the old spirit of adventure on the sea nowadays; the old plucky characteristics of

the sea nowa-days; the old plucky characteristics of

the sea nowa-days; the old plucky characteristics of



NOT HIDING HER TALENT: MISS ETHEL LEVEY AMUSING THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Miss Ethel Levey, that very popular and charming actress, who made so much success in revues at the Hippodrome, and is now appearing with Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "Outcast," at Wyndham's Theatre, has been turning her talent to good account by telling humorous stories to wounded soldiers at the Millar Hospital, Greenwich, needless to say, to their huge delight: our illustration speaks for itself.—[Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.]

extract. When she sailed, the first day out the German steamer *Cap Trafalgar* was seen coaling. It was at once concluded that she would try to take this invaluable cargo of food for England.



IN THE FIELD AGAIN: LADY SARAH WILSON WITH WOUNDED, AT BOULOGNE.

The fact that she was taken prisoner by the Boers outside Mafeking, in December 1899, did not prevent Lady Sarah Wilson from doing admirable work in the South African campaign. And now, with the world's greatest war in progress, her sympathy is again enlisted and her indefatigable energy and valuable technical knowledge are put at the service of the wounded British soldiers in France. Our photograph shows her sitting at the bedside of the wounded in the Hotel Bristol, Boulogne.—[Photograph by Partridge.]

Captain Crosby, of the *Silversand*, steered an unusual course, however, and gave the *Cap Trafalgar* the slip. The German ship, the captain and crew of the *Silversand* had the gratification of hearing later, was sunk by the Cunard steamer *Carmania*, in commission as an armed cruiser; and this country secured this record cargo of foods, on which coup Captain Crosby, who brought his ship across the Atlantic without showing a single light, is to be congratulated.

Furs for Fine Ladies. I was with a friend the other day at the salons of the Wholesale Fur Company, 145, Cheapside. They are fine rooms on the first floor, and I was surprised to see such a variety of handsome and cosy coats, muffs, and stoles at small cost. A seal coney coat from four guineas seems almost too good to be true in these days of many calls on our purses. It is true, however, at this establishment, which has several branches. A squirrel coat from three guineas is also quite exceptional value. There are sets—muffs and stoles—

of wolf fur, in the fashionable shape of entire animals for each, at four and a half guineas; and the same thing is true of black

fox at five guineas. My friend was having a coat repaired, the Wholesale Fur Company having a great reputation for the execution of repairs and the making of alterations. For this work they give free estimates. Also, they gladly send a large range of furs to any part of the country on approbation the day the order for them is received. They make a specialty of giving the best value always; this season, because of the European war, they have given even more attention to obtaining handsome and warm furs at moderate prices.

No Spies There. The Alexandra Hotel has always been characteristically British, and we know also characteristically thorough and good. The all-pervading German found his way there in very small numbers, and the directors of this hotel, which numbers so many English county families among its patrons, were among the first hotel managers in England to clear away from their premises every alien enemy. The lovers of this establishment can continue to use it without the slightest suspicion of spies.



MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES :
LIEUT. R. J. H. PURCELL,
KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

In the despatches sent by Field-Marshal Sir John French, describing in detail the great battle of the Aisne, a splendid tribute was paid to the unfailing gallantry of our troops, and among the names mentioned was that of Lieut. R. J. H. Purcell, 2nd Batt. King's Royal Rifles, who was severely wounded in that memorable engagement.

Photograph by Bassano.

A TON OF COAL for 2/6

Scientist's Wonderful Discovery which Enables Everyone to Save Large Sums in Weekly Housekeeping.

Remarkable Offer to Enable Every Household to Test the Splendid Economic Advantages of "Seldonite," which halves the Season's Coal Bill.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical substance "Seldonite" (so named after the discoverer, Professor Seldon), which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of housekeeping counts, "Seldonite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

£5 SAVED DURING COAL-FIRE SEASON.

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttle - full of coal treated with "Seldonite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldonite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust, or soot.

No matter how small or how large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldonite," and if you use, say, one ton of coals a month, you can save at least £5 during the coal-fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldonite" in their own homes the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full size 4s. box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, or Slack), with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (whilst this offer lasts) for only 10s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldonite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by

constant repeat orders. Among the many distinguished users of "Seldonite" are:—

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Archdeacon of Westminster	Lord Sinclair	Lady Graham
Marquis de la Granja	Hon. Mrs. Warburton	Sir G. Hanson
Edith Countess of Hardwicke	Professor Slater	Admiral Hammick
Earl of Loudoun	Hon. Mrs. Tremayne	Lady Franklin
Brigadier-General Marshal	Lady Strachey	General Ruggles
Bishop of Newcastle	Lord Sydenham	Lady Dawson
Dowager Lady Queensberry	Sir H. F. Norbury, K.C.B.	Count Wingersky
Lady Watkins	Lady Renshaw	General Warren
Sir Wm. C. Dunbar	Sir Wm. Clark	Sir C. Shaw
Viscount Elbank	Hon. Mrs. Anderson	Sir Squire Bancroft
Lady Stanhope	Brigadier-General Godfrey	General Stuart
General Lock	Lady Cunningham	Lady Hewit
Lady Lubbock	Countess Stanhope	Hon. H. Stanhope
Sir N. Kennedy	Sir Robert Kennedy,	Lady Duff
General Carey	K.C.M.G.	Sir Robt. Thomson
Lady Strathallan	Lady Macdonald of the Isles	Lady Napier of Magdala
Professor Watts	Sir Beetham Whitehead	Viscount Ingestre
Sir Charles Payton	Major-General Dun	Lady Swan
Lady Dilke	Lord Salveson	His Hon. Judge Bray
Sir H. Richell	Lady Louisa Walker	Vice-Admiral Royleston
Rt. Rev. Bishop Nelligan	Sir C. Mackworth	Sir A. Legard, Bart.
Surgeon-General Hamilton	Lady Warwick	Lady Campbell
Sir D. Barr	Sir H. T. Wombell Bart.	Sir H. Vansittart-Neale
Hon. Mrs. Trefusis	Dowager Countess de la Warr	Sir Frederick Wilson
General Beeching	Sir J. Roger Parkington	Hon. Mrs. W. Herbert
Lord Howard of Glossop	Lady Bridport	Sir Chas. Blane
Sir J. Pender, Bt.	Sir F. MacCabe	General Campbell
Lady Maclean	Hon. Mrs. Henniker	Hon. Mrs. S. Knox
Dowager Lady Glanusk	General Robinson	Sir R. W. Bulkeley
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To take advantage of the special offer made above readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full size 4s. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, or Slack), or 10s. for five boxes, addressing their letters to:—

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE ZEPPELIN BOGEY : ALERT AIR-SCOUTS : THE HEAD-LAMP PROBLEM.

A Word of Comfort.

The opinion is rapidly gaining ground—and, indeed, is now all but universal among people who actually use the roads—that if the “precautionary measures” continue to be put into effect, the condition of things resultant upon the darkening of London will probably be very much worse than anything likely to happen from incursions of hostile air-craft. Be that as it may, however, there are sundry facts which have not yet been stated, but which are well calculated to reassure the timid, even if we do postulate the actual arrival of a Zeppelin or Zeppelins over the Metropolis. The air-ship’s most deadly enemy is the aeroplane, and the question naturally arises—what means do we possess on this side of the Channel for attacking a German air-ship in the air itself if it should succeed (and that of itself is a more or less improbable contingency) in reaching London? British aeroplanes have been performing such doughty deeds in France ever since the war began—and, in fact, have been so constantly in the picture throughout—that it might easily be assumed that practically our whole available force of aviators is on foreign service. As I shall proceed to show, however, the very opposite is the case.

A Galaxy of Pilots.

The number of British aviators abroad has been stated, only recently, as about 250. Skilled pilots are not as plentiful as blackberries, nor are they to be picked up by recruiting-sergeants, and possibly the man in the street may regard 250 as a considerable number in itself, and likely to represent the major portion of available British airmen. It was only a few days ago, however, that the Royal Aero Club issued its “Year-Book” for 1914, and on referring to my copy I find that up to Aug. 4 last no fewer than 863 pilots’ certificates had been issued by the Club. Others, it need hardly be stated, have been granted still more recently. Forty-three names are starred as “deceased,” and there is a very small percentage of foreigners, but the fact remains that there are considerably over 500 trained flying men remaining in this country, if the numbers given as to those serving abroad are anything like correct. Even if this total of 500, however, were reduced by as much as 80 per cent., there would still be one hundred good men and true at hand for the defence of this country.

Systematic Scouting.

Numbers apart, moreover, the public may rest assured that the aerial defence of London has been thoroughly organised, and our men are ready to tackle any Zeppelin that comes along. Of the systematic way in which scouting is being conducted I can give a personal

Remote, indeed, is not the word: the utmost that it could accomplish would be to get through to London and drop one bomb; searchlights would then pick it up, and our aeroplanes would be after it at once. In all probability they would bring it down with Maxims, but as a last resort they would go for it headlong and ram it; our aviators being fully prepared to sacrifice their lives in this manner if occasion arises. The alarmists have yet to explain, however, how it is that the much-vaunted Zeppelins have not already been uscd on Paris, which is much more gaily lighted at night than London, and has no strip of ocean between it and the Zeppelin sheds. Sc



VERY USEFUL FOR SNIPER-SHOOTING: A BRITISH ARMOURED CAR CARRYING TWO QUICK-FIRERS.

The Headquarters Eye-Witness wrote recently: “Armoured motor-cars armed with Maxims and light quick-firing guns have recently played a useful part on our side, especially in helping to eject the enemy lurking in villages and isolated buildings. Against such parties the combined action of the quick-firer against the snipers in buildings, and the maxim against them when they are driven into the open is most efficacious.” — [Photograph by Topical.]

far as London’s lighting is concerned, the situation has been mismanaged, and the average citizen would much rather take his chance of a possible bomb than suffer the very obvious dangers of the streets under the present officially ordained conditions.

The Golden Mean. Meanwhile, the question of motor-car lamps may be considered anew in the light of our experiences since the Home Office order as to “powerful” head-lamps was issued. I have noticed various cars from which the head-lamps have not been removed or left unkindled; the light had been reduced in brilliance, however, by one method or another. Shrouding the front lens by a coat of white paint or a circle of white or coloured paper, and the use of a yellow bulb, are among the means employed.

On the Great North Road, I am told, the police are daubing the lamps of passing cars — even paraffin side-lamps — with red paint. All this seems to point to the conclusion that the use of head-lamps in themselves is not debarred, but simply the display of a high degree of candle-power. If our streets and roads are to be rendered safe, however, even in conjunction with the most careful driving, a golden mean between the brilliant gleam of the ordinary acetylene or electric head-lamp and the entirely futile glimmer of the paraffin side-lamp must be permitted in the common interest.

The Patriotic Motor-Cyclist. Thousands of motor-cyclists have responded to the call of patriotism, but the record for an

individual group is probably held by the Malvern and District M.C.C. According to the *Motor Cycle*, no fewer than eighty per cent. of its members have enlisted in various regiments, and one-third of them are serving as despatch-riders.



A PRESIDENT AND A KING WHO MISSED A GERMAN BOMB: M. POINCARÉ AND KING ALBERT INSPECTING BELGIAN TROOPS.

On Nov. 2 President Poincaré visited the Belgian lines, and with King Albert held a review of Belgian troops. Just before they arrived a Taube dropped a bomb, but did not hit anyone. The President conferred on King Albert the military medal.

Photograph by C.N.

illustration, for every morning at a particular hour an aeroplane patrol flies over my own house. Now, the only possible chance that a Zeppelin could have of reaching London and escaping unharmed would be the extremely remote one of its not being seen.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE NEW SHYLOCK" is a rather ambitious title, and its author, Mr. Sheffauer, is by no means a new Shakespeare.

He would have been wise to choose another title. Still, the work has merit in its clever, sympathetic study of an elderly Hebrew pawnbroker who fights in New York, unsuccessfully, the battle of orthodoxy against modern ideas. Some have compared the play with "The Melting Pot," but there is a broad difference, for "The New Shylock" is comedy, not melodrama, even if sometimes the workmanship is crude enough to be repudiated by the goddess of Comedy. The tale of old Simon Ehrlich, whose young wife wanted to go upon the stage, whose daughter wished to marry a Gentile, whose son robbed him, offers quite an agreeable, interesting entertainment, and it has even thrilling moments. Mr. Louis Calvert gives a magnificent performance as the central figure. Miss Edyth Olive acts very ably as the young second wife rendered unhappy by the fact that she has no child, and by her husband's stupid habit of throwing her predecessor at her head. Miss Madge Titheradge gave an excellent performance in the part of the pawnbroker's daughter.

It is an excellent idea to revive "Milestones" at the Royalty, since the work had not exhausted its popularity when it was taken off. Moreover, it is an agreeable mixture of the humorous and the pathetic, suitable at a time when we hardly want to rollick nor yet to be depressed. There are important members of the original cast, notably the chief, Mr. Dennis Eadie, in the part of John Rhead, and Miss Mary Jerrold as his wife. Apart from the fact that they are both too old in the last act, they give admirable performances, full of character. Mr. Hubert Harben and Miss Esmé Hubbard are quite as entertaining as at first. There are important changes. Miss Lynn Fontamie replaces Miss Haidee Wright as Aunt Gertrude, and is clever enough to improve the play in the first act, even if less effective later. Miss Esté Mason plays Emily, afterwards Lady Monkhurst, very ably. Miss Isobel Elsom, not quite mature as an actress, shows talent and charm as a "flapper" in the third act.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey's revival at the Apollo of "Never Say Die" causes roars of laughter, and his own acting in the leading part, if a little too farcical, is very funny. Mr. Holman Clark is very droll as one of the doctors who deceived the hero and themselves as to his state of health. Miss Winifred Emery, fortunately, is in

the cast, and plays admirably. Miss Doris Lytton is quite charming as the young wife; and Mr. George Tully acts very well as her sweetheart who gets cheated.

The Messrs. Melville must have in their storehouse an unlimited supply of suitable dramas, each as good as any other, and very useful it is proving in the period of emergency. "The Soldier's Wedding," has followed "Tommy Atkins," and one would hardly notice the change. For the hero there is Mr. Henry Lonsdale, and for the heroine Miss Jessie Winter, with Miss Lillian Hallows occupying the position of a secondary heroine, slightly spotted, but much to be forgiven; while Miss Joy Chatwyn is a pleasant villainess, who can devise the murder of a kindly husband as if she really enjoyed it.

What is said of revived melodramas also applies in the main to revived musical comedies. "The Earl and the Girl," recently put on at the Aldwych with a competent company, is an all-British Seymour-Hicks-Ivan-Caryll-Percy-Greenbank entertainment, and you know that Seymour Hicks must have had something to do with it because the leading gentleman, Mr. Haddon Cave, is so very buoyant and moves about so rapidly and says "my darling" so frequently. He who remembers the plot remembers something very complicated; but there is plenty of it, all about the dog-trainer who pretended to be an ordinary young man and turned out to be an Earl, and was pursued by two solicitors, a strong woman, and an American millionaire with a pistol. The company is adequate, and the best of them is Miss Florence Lloyd, who plays her original part of a coster girl; while Miss Dorothy Monkman is attractive as the little American school-girl who marries the Earl, and Mr. Bert Beswick is a popular humorist.

The Savoy's newest departure, the Sunday *diner musical*, should receive a warm welcome not only in professional musical circles—where engagements, owing to the war, are somewhat scarce—but also amongst many people who will be glad of a little pleasant relaxation after busy days of charitable work. Mr. Herbert Withers and Mr. Albert Sammons, both of them well-known artists at the Beecham Symphony and the Royal Philharmonic Concerts, are announced to play in conjunction with Mr. Lionel Tertis. The latter will give some of the viola selections which are popular amongst those who have been to his London recitals. But for the war, he would be playing in Petrograd.



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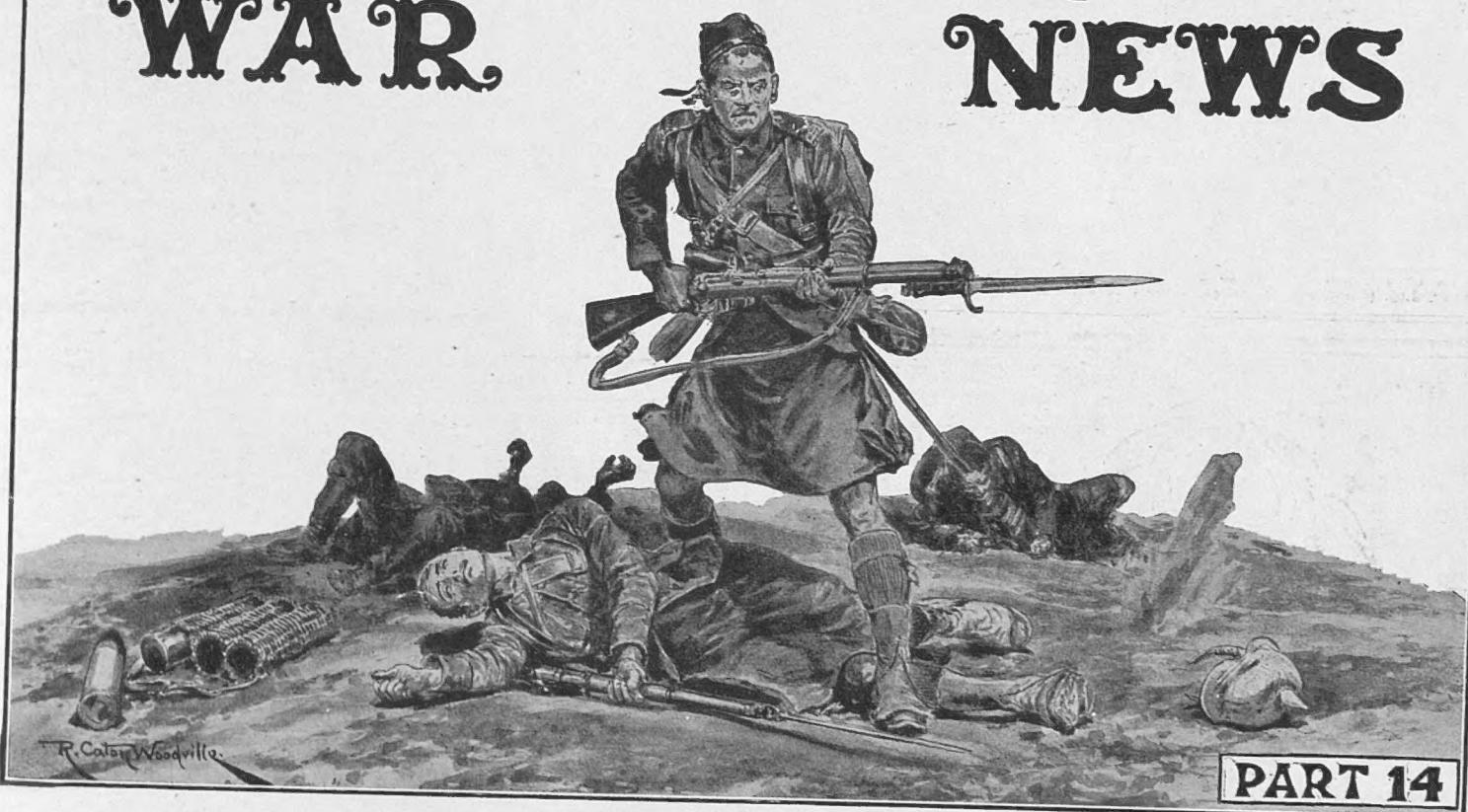
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